

# THE LINCOLN COUNTY HERALD.

VOL. I. TROY, LINCOLN COUNTY, MO., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1866. NO. 48

**THE LINCOLN COUNTY HERALD**  
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**EDMUND J. ELLIS.**

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All communications of a personal nature must be published over the writer's name.

**Regular Terms of the Courts of Lincoln County.**

COUNTY COURT.—Second Monday in February, May, August and November.  
CIRCUIT COURT.—Third Monday in March and Fourth Monday in September.  
**OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.**  
United States Senators.—John B. Henderson, and B. Gratz Brown.  
Members of Congress Ninth District.—George W. Anderson, of Pike county.  
State Senator.—E. B. Carroll.  
Representative.—E. B. Carroll.  
Judge of Circuit Court.—T. J. C. Page, Pike.  
Circuit Attorney.—E. P. Johnson.  
Judge of County Court.—M. L. Lovell, President.  
S. M. T. Ingram, and James Whitson.  
Clerk of Circuit Court and Recorder.—A. H. Meath.  
Clerk of County Court and School Commissioner.—F. C. Coker.  
Sheriff and Collector of Revenue.—J. R. Knox.  
County Treasurer.—S. R. Woodruff.  
Public Administrator.—R. H. Hudson.  
County Assessor.—D. B. Smiley.  
County Superintendent of Common Schools and Land Office Agent.—Jas. M. McEllen.  
U. S. Collector 4th District.—A. H. Martin.

No. 17 South Fourth Street,  
ST. LOUIS, MO.

Transient, Weekly and Day Readers accommodated on reasonable terms.

**JOE ALLEN,**  
Attorney at Law  
AND AUCTIONEER.

Truxton, Lincoln County, Mo.

WILL practice in all the Courts of the third Judicial Circuit. All business entrusted to his care will be promptly attended to.  
Dec. 12, 1866. at

**JAMES M. McLELLAN,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW, AND  
LITIGANT CLAIM AGENT.

TROY, Lincoln County, Mo.  
Office in the Court House.  
Dec. 12, 1866. at

**F. T. WILLIAMS,**  
Attorney at Law  
AND  
NOTARY PUBLIC,  
Truxton, Lincoln County,  
MISSOURI.

December 12, 1866. at

**JAMES A. WARD,**  
Physician & Surgeon.

Office one hour North of Hart and Streets,  
TROY, MO.  
December 12, 1866. at

**WILLIAM PORTER**  
Attorney at Law,  
TROY, LINCOLN COUNTY, MO.

Office in the Court House.  
December 12, 1866. at

**DR. J. C. GOODRICH**  
DENTIST,  
Office Wentzville Mo.

St. Louis, Mo. has opened a shop in the rear of the Store and Tin shop in Troy, where he is now engaged to make and repair in the best manner **GUNS AND PISTOLS** on the shortest notice. Everybody who wants anything in my line is respectfully invited to give me a call. Truxton, Mo. J. R. GLORE.

**Wentzville Hotel.**  
R. & O. DECKER PROPRIETOR.

**GIBBS, FIELD & ROSS,**  
200 1/2 N. 4th St. ST. LOUIS, MO.  
MANUFACTURERS OF

**CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, SATINETS, TWEEDS, FLANNELS, LINSEYS, French Blankets, And Yarns.**

**500,000 Lbs. Wool WANTED!**  
For which each will be paid, or our manufactured goods charged.  
GIBBS, FIELD & ROSS.  
May 4, 1866. Mo.

**ST. CHARLES WOOLLEN FACTORY**  
Corner Main & Chauncey Streets  
ST. CHARLES, MISSOURI.

**PAUL WALTON & Co.,**  
Proprietors.

At all times prepared to fill orders for  
**6-4 FULL CLOTHS, 6-1 MERO CLOTHS, PLAID LINSEYS, WHITE LINSEYS, FLANNELS, JEANS (of all colors), CARPETS, FIGURED COVERLETS, All Wool Blankets, Stocking Yarns, Etc.**  
To all of which we invite the attention of merchants and farmers. The highest market price paid for Wool.  
May 4, 1866. Mo.

**JONATHAN PEIRCE,**  
MANUFACTURER OF  
**WOODEN PUMPS,**  
LOUISIANA, MO.

We are making the Iowa City Pump, with detached chamber, Truxton fastening for handle. The Illinois Pump, springfield, Mentor and Chicago patterns. Also, the Pennsylvania Pump, Erie and Donahough patterns, all of which we sell as low for cash as they can be bought at any other factory in the United States. A liberal discount on large orders of ONE hundred and over.  
Persons ordering on address Haver and Co. Commission merchants in this city, or through my traveling agent, William Donahough, the only authorized traveling agent in the State to take orders. All orders promptly filled.  
**JONATHAN PEIRCE,**  
May 18, 1866. n21 8m [Louisiana, Mo.]

**J. M. Crawford**  
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

**Books, Stationery, Cheap Publications,**  
Guns, Newspapers and Magazines,  
No. 51 N. 4th street, ST. LOUIS, MO.  
Patrons' attention paid to filling all orders for the Country Trade.  
Publishers of Field's Sectional and Township maps of Missouri; Barley's digest of Missouri Reports; and Kentucky's Missouri Form Book.  
June 7, 1866. at 7m

**Balmer & Weber,**  
Publishers of Music,  
No. 56 Fourth Street, St. Louis Mo.

**DEALERS IN:**  
**Piano-Fortes & Musical Instruments**  
Of every description. Western Agents for sale of **Robinson and Son's Gold Medal** Patent Pianos, and Miller and Co's Premium Pianos, and Prince and Co's Improved Patent Pianos, which we furnish at factory prices. Wholesale and Retail.  
Military Bands, Seminars, Professors and Dealers publish the most liberal discounts. New Music published daily, and all new publications in the country regularly received.  
June 8, 1866. at 7m

**KREMER & MARTEN,**  
Proprietors of the

**Lafayette Mills,**  
Corner Main and Jackson Streets,  
ST. CHARLES, MO.

Announced their grand and noble plan that they are now prepared to deliver a whole article of **WHEAT, RYE and BUCKWHEAT FLOUR, CORN MEAL, etc.** at the lowest market cash prices. They will at all times receive and pay the full value for GRAIN delivered at their Mill or the Warehouse of E. Martin on Clay Street.  
All orders promptly attended to.  
June 1, 1866. n22 7m

**BRASS FOUNDRY AND PUMP MAKER**  
82 North 3rd Street,  
New York City.

Brass Work of all descriptions for Steam and Distilleries.  
Brass, Wood and Iron Pumps of all sizes, pipes, Also, Iron, Wood and Lead Pipe.  
June 1, 1866. n22 7m

**The Old St. Charles Mill**  
Again in Operation!

The undersigned hereby inform the public that he is now prepared to fill orders for **FLOUR, SHIPSTUFF and BRAN** in any quantity and will guarantee satisfaction. Orders will be attended to promptly. The highest market price paid for wheat. Terms strictly cash.  
J. H. CRITCHFIELD,  
Aug. 31, 1866. n26 p4m

**My Experience as a New England Sewing Circle.**

The Christian ladies of this congregation are invited to meet, Thursday evening, at the residence of Mrs. Sniveller, to form a Sewing Society. A full attendance is requested.

Such, my dear hearers, reads a notice found on my sacred desk this morning, and I read it in hopes you will profit thereby. We will now sing Psalm 131, first two stanzas:

My heart not haughty is, O Lord,  
Mine eyes not lofty be;  
Nor do I deal in matters great,  
Or things too high for me!

I surely have myself behaved  
With great humility,  
As a child of mother weaned; my soul  
Is like a weaned child.

All sing:  
Says I, "Bully. Not in a bully spirit, but with a sort of Puritanical meaning, and concluded to go. Mrs. Sniveller—Mrs. Deacon Sniveller—lived in a large white house, in a stone patch under the hill, down by her husband's button shop. Mrs. Sniveller was a leading horse, so called, in the town of benevolence; but to tell you the truth, she had a little peaked nose, about right to open clouds with; a nervous jerk to her head, spiral fingers, and a waterfall the size of a plum-pudding, but filled with more ingredients. Deacon Sniveller passed the plate on Sabbath, and took the fund's home to count. Mrs. Sniveller always gave with liberality on the next Sunday!

I wanted to go. I borrowed hoops, skirts, waterfalls &ceteras. I puffed my front hair, slung my Waterfall on my bump of obstinacy, hoisted an onion into the reticule I carried on the left arm, shouldered a green cotton umbrella, took a piece of red flannel to make a shirt for some little innocent babe on the tree of Abolitionism, and sallied forth as the Yankee clock struck two.

Mrs. Sniveller was in. The front parlor and the middle parlor were full of noble women, while the best bed-room was full of bouquets, green amberlins and reticules, in which to carry home sweet-cakes, tarts, biscuits, plum puffs, apples and little things stily, slipped from Mrs. Sniveller's table.

Mrs. Sniveller didn't know me. I told her I was little Sally Squiggle, as I called her ten years before, and had been South teaching's school.

"Lady, my dear, so it is! Why how natural you do look; now it all comes to me again. Bless me! Let me kiss my dear Sally, who has escaped from the wretches!" And angelic Mrs. Sniveller came near putting my right eye hors d'oeuvres with the end of her nose.

I was introduced. Nineteen women were glad to see me, and kissed their dear little Sally, till my waterfall got skewed clear around under my left ear, and I began to feel a rising sensation in my throat from the hugging they and their given, or words to that effect.

After I had been so affectionately gone through I went into the bedroom to reconstruct. My waterfall had got under my left ear, making me look as if I were a man of sin had lifted me up with brass knuckles and forgot to take it home with him, while my beautiful front hair resembled a garden full of pea-shives after a hurricane. But I retained my composure and went out to become the center of attraction.

"My dear Sally!"  
"Precious Sally!"  
"Little Sally Squiggle, sure enough!"  
"No glad, you can hum!"  
"Now, dear tell us all about it!"  
Mrs. Sniveller was made chairman, and the following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That this shall be called the Buttonville Benevolent Baby Association.

Resolved, That Mrs. Sniveller be, and hereby she, our President.

Resolved, That our aim is to help the down-trodden and the ridden-toe children of this town in the clothes of the people, and to this end, every member of it, B. B. make one little flannel shirt a week, and Sally Squiggle shall tell us the way.

Resolved, That we open and close our Society with prayer.

grateful set, and ought to be killed. Mrs. Purick wanted to know if it was true that the people of the South actually cooked billed dinner on Sunday? If they did, she really hoped they could in Congress would pass a law that whenever a man in the South cooked a billed dinner on Sunday, he should be hung before dinner, and his billed dinner should be sent North!

Mrs. Pinchbeck hoped the war would continue to go on till there was no more end of nothing. For her part, it was all stuff about the people suffering during the war. Her Josiah had a contract, and made two hundred thousand dollars the first year; and when her brother, Reverend Josiah Pinchbeck, came back from the war, where he had periled his precious life eating preserves, so they would not hurt sick soldiers, he brought home more than fifty gold watches, and the nicest gold class Bible, which was now used every Sunday in one of the Buttonville churches.

Mrs. Squeak said the people of the South were nothing but murderers, for when her brother, Colonel Fiber Hinger, was out in a field, doing nothing, killing nobody, doing nothing but just seeing how much cotton an army team could draw, and he could tell it it was a good team, some cowardly gents got a hole clean through him, and wouldn't even send his clothes home for Jedediah to wear out!

And she hoped if another war ever did come, some of their sinful men of the West would go down and do it to 'em again, not that she cared so much for her brother but she wanted them air clothes for her Jedediah!

Mrs. Cooney said she hoped there would be a hull-passel of wars, for her cousin, her dear, good cousin Benjamin, (the Boat), had made lots of money in the late war, and had supplied nearly all her relatives with spoons, watches, silver ware, &c., and said it was right the war should go on, for her cousin was safer in the war than store a court of justice even, and said it was a Christian duty to let all Christian war be continued so long as there was any body to continue 'em.

Mrs. Sniveller here spoke again:  
"Well, I don't care how. The South should be fought! What right had they to have cotton picked by niggers without asking our consent? And they were rich. And they had nice things. And we believe a nigger baby is of more account than a white baby in the North. And my husband, Deacon Sniveller, wants more bones to make bouquets of—he'll sell the buttons to the South and West, and they will have to pay us New England Christian for the privilege of wearing out their own bones."

By this time tea was ready. We had a good tea. Such curious silver ware; old style, pure silver; did't taste brassy a bit; and all of us ladies tasted of the silver dishes to see! And each a lot of spoons. Each one of us had at our plates a spoon with her initials on. Mrs. Sniveller had a barrel of silver spoons, and hunted them over till she found our regular initials in regular order. Oh! it was so nice! And we piled all the shirts up in a heap and put a B. B. on each of the shirts. As Frank drove off in pilling rain, the young lady called out to him:

My friend at the hotel wears No. 4 gloves?  
He paid for them.

Heavy Shoes for Ladies.  
Winter is coming, and we desire to say a word or two to our lady readers about clothing the feet.

When the celebrated physician, Abernethy, died, report said that, besides a will of some interest to his heirs, in a pecuniary point of view, there was found among his effects a sealed envelope, said to contain the secret of his great success in the healing art; and also a rule for living, the following of which would insure longevity.

A large price was paid for the sealed envelope, and it was found to contain only these words: To insure continued health and a long life, keep the head cool, the system open, and the feet warm.

Dry feet are warm feet, gradually if the system is healthy. To keep the system healthy the circulation must be good. The circulation is not good without exercise, and exercise can only be valuable when walking. Riding in a carriage is no exercise at all; it is merely inhaling the air. This is very well as far as it goes, but the lungs are not in full play without the individual is walking. There is no exercise in riding, but it is not the kind of health-creating play of the ankles, nature demands. It is action—action of the entire body—and walking only will procure it.

Two Englishmen recently explored the island of Spitzbergen in a sledge never before done. They measured the mountain, mapped the whole coast, examined the vegetable life, the geological composition, etc. of the island, and found that the long day, extending over several months, during which the sun never sets, became intensely hot after a month's stay.

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**Patent Washing Machine.**  
The popular agent for certain company of musical gentlemen travelling through Oregon, arrived at a town not over a hundred miles from Portland, a few days since and was accosted by a fair dame, sister of the landlady, with a remark something like the following:

The monkey still keeps ahead of the other animals, eh?  
What do you know about monkey eyes, said the agent.

I read the papers, said the lady. Well, said the agent, I got sold once, but if any female ever gets ahead of me again, I'll give her a pair of the best of gloves.

I shouldn't wonder if you get sold before you leave town.  
The gloves are yours if I do, replied the agent.

During the evening a couple of young ladies came in on a visit, and after singing, playing on a guitar, and telling of a white one of their undertook to hem a handkerchief with a sewing machine. After trying sometimes to fix the hemmer attachment she said pettishly:

O bother the thing; it isn't worth a cent, and I never saw but one that was said that was attached to a washing machine!

Yes, said the maiden; and it never gets out of order; and will sew on buttons as fast as the things are washed.

Frank, for he it understood that the agent was no other than our jovial friend Frank Ball, pondered over the subject, and finally he asked where she had ever seen a machine of that description.

About four miles from here, was the answer; and intimately acquainted with the people who own it, and if you have leisure and will ride up there I will show it to you.

The temptation was so strong that Frank could resist no longer, and it was arranged that they should go early the following morning.

According to arrangements, they started next morning, and at length reached the place. Frank was introduced, and was very pleasantly entertained by the old folks for some time; when, at last, it began to look like rain he proposed that they should look to the machine, and get back to town before the storm set in.

The young lady motioned him into the kitchen, and showed him a washing machine, the crank of which she turned with her hand, to explain how it worked.

That's a fine washing machine, said Frank; but where is the sewing attachment?  
Here, said the young lady; I can sew on the buttons, and mend as fast as the garments are washed.

Young lady, said the agent, I am sold; and if you are satisfied we'll get in the buggy and go back.

Thank you, said the lady; but I am at home, I have been waiting for a chance to ride here for three days, and as it is now raining, I think I will stay.

As Frank drove off in pilling rain, the young lady called out to him:  
My friend at the hotel wears No. 4 gloves?  
He paid for them.

Winter is coming, and we desire to say a word or two to our lady readers about clothing the feet.

To guard that sensitive portion of human frame (for the sole of the foot is keenly sensitive to the changes from heat to cold or dryness to dampness), the "Bald" sole should be thick, and as well made as human ingenuity could do it. Then, even in most weather or in any season, the foot will be comfortable, that insured, all is well with the body.

**How Oregon Was Saved.**  
At a recent meeting of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions at Pittsfield, Mass., a paper was read by the Rev. Mr. Tanner, in which he claimed that Oregon Territory was saved to the United States through the sagacity and severe personal exertion of one of the Missionaries of the Board. The following is the substance of Mr. T.'s statement:

In 1836 two missionaries of the Board, Rev. Mr. Spaulding and Dr. Whitman, with their wives, proceeded overland to reach the field of their labors. After remaining there a few years, Dr. Whitman discovered that the Hudson's Bay Company was scheming to get possession of the country (by inducing its surrender to the British Government) by representing that it was of little value and inaccessible to settlement. He was, however, convinced, on the contrary, that it was rich in minerals, and that emigrants could cross the Rocky Mountains in wagon, which the Hudson Bay Company said was impossible. Seeing these things, Dr. Whitman determined to visit Washington and lay the facts before the Government. He accordingly started in 1843, and made the long and perilous journey on horseback.

At Washington he obtained interviews with President Tyler and Daniel Webster, the Secretary of State, when he learned that a treaty was almost ready to be signed by which the title to Oregon was to be relinquished to England in exchange for greater fishing facilities. He pressed the truth in regard to the country strongly upon Mr. Webster, and told him that he intended to return to Oregon with a train of emigrants. Mr. Webster asked if he would pledge himself to do this. He promised that he would, and Mr. Webster said the treaty should be suppressed. Dr. Whitman redeemed his promise, and that magnificent Territory was saved to the United States.

**Application of Knowledge.**  
A very valuable pocket knife was once dropped into a twenty-foot well, half full of water. "How shall we get it out?" Shall we have to draw the water from the well? The writer proposed to use a strong horseshoe magnet, near by, suspended by a cord. But we can't see where to lower the magnet so as to touch the knife. "Throw the sun's rays down on the bottom of the well by a looking glass," was the second answer. It was done, the knife rendered visible from the top of the well. The magnet came into contact, and knife brought up—all being accomplished in a minute of time.

**Lawyers and Law suits.**  
"Tim how's yer law shoot gitten on down at the court," said one Aliburnian friend to another, as they met on Camp street. "Oh an' troth it's getting an just like a grab or a crawfish, for it comes on a little now and then it goes back again. Now my lawyer gets up and he fires a lot of ash from an old book, and made by some fellow called Chilly, and this the other lawyer gets up and he fires it all back again, from another old book, made by some fellow called Coke, I suppose. Coke took his degree in a law house, for I'm afraid he'll bite me raw, says he; he has twice as much gas as him, and God knows there's twice more than is wanted between them. Ock's whether, Tim, how mighty easy it would be to get at the truth only for the lawyers."

**Children's Questions.**  
Never think too much trouble to answer your children's questions. How often do we hear the tart reply, "I am sure I don't know, child; pray don't tease me when you see I am busy." This is the surest way to stunt the growth of your child's mind. It is the most equal conduct possible, that to deny a child the information for which he craves, and allow him to feel all the awkwardness and pain to which ignorance exposes him. Rather hail with joy these indications of a growing mind, and make the child inquirer happy by drawing him to you with a kiss, and as fast and patient an elucidation as he may require. The Leisure Hours.

**Near the Pole.**  
Two Englishmen recently explored the island of Spitzbergen in a sledge never before done. They measured the mountain, mapped the whole coast, examined the vegetable life, the geological composition, etc. of the island, and found that the long day, extending over several months, during which the sun never sets, became intensely hot after a month's stay.

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